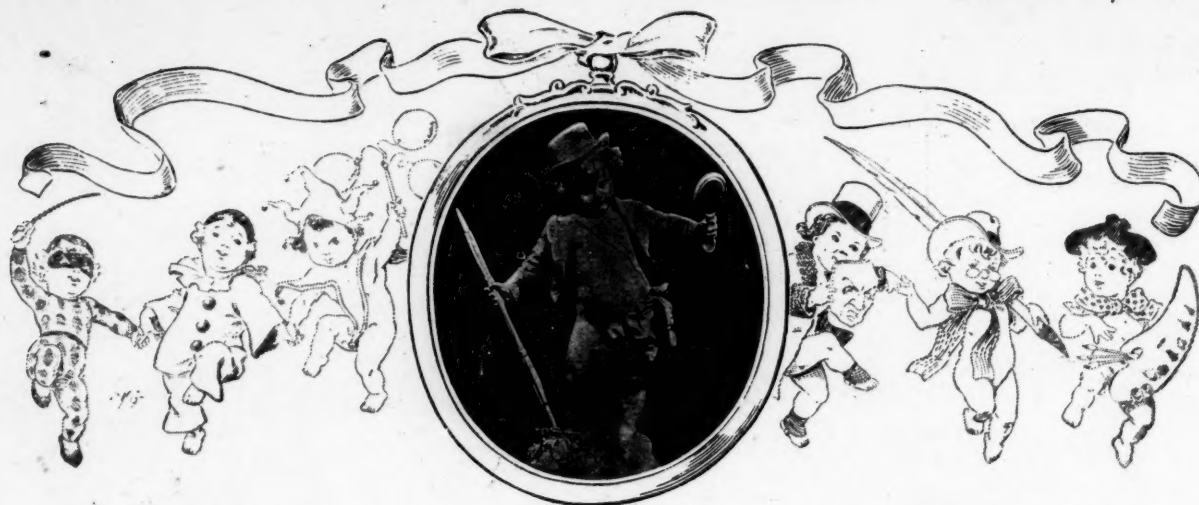


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OUR MIDSUMMER NEW-THOUGHT TREATMENT.

CONCENTRATION ON THIS PICTURE FOR FIVE MINUTES WILL BE FOUND TO EQUAL TWO MINT JULEPS AND A COLD SHOWER-BATH.



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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IN TOKIO, simply because a few stray frauds were discovered, the president of a sugar company committed hara-kiri. This shows clearly that the Japanese have much to learn from American civilization. When our Sugar officials are indicted the idea of departing this vale of tears by the Happy Despatch never occurs to them. The officials of our insurance companies may be exposed a dozen times without feeling impelled to look up the family cheese-knife. They clear their consciences by going to Paris. Ida Tarbell has thundered and quoted statistics, but still the Standard Oilers slumber eight hours a night with their alimentary canals unsevered. Our bargain-counter Senators (late property of Mr. Archbold) have never burned the midnight gas deciding whether it were better to suicide with the paper-cutter or the souvenir machete. No, Japan may boast as she pleases—she still has the elements of decent and high-minded business conduct to learn from our light-hearted American noblemen.

THE stone wall which one may see through in the event of there being a hole big enough has been deftly duplicated in England lately by the row over the Budget. The Budget provides for a stiff tax on land values. The House of Lords will reject the land-tax proposals if they are sent to it. The members of the House of Lords, or the noble families which they represent, own most of the unoccupied land in the British Isles. While London is an appalling spectacle of congested population and destitution, land which would help more than anything else to solve England's grim problem of the unemployed is being held out of use, miles and miles of it, for the private pleasures of the nobility; estates, hunting-preserves,

what not. The House of Lords may reject the land-tax this time, and next time also, but so long as England has three or four men to every available square foot of land whereon to put them to work out their own industrial salvation, England will have its problem of the unemployed, its discontent, and its growing demoralization. When land over there is so gravely essential to the welfare of the nation, it is fair to say that Lord Thisorthat should be made to pay a pretty penny into the British Treasury for the privilege of keeping it out of use in order to chase deer or foxes there when London "bores" him. England will have to make a choice some of these days. It must exist for the breeding of deer, foxes, lords, and grouse, or for the breeding of Englishmen.

CONGRESSMAN TAWNEY of Minnesota has yelped. He yelped because Dr. Van Hise, President of the University of Wisconsin, wrote about the spoliation of our minerals and forests; a spoliation made possible only by the criminal neglect of Congress. There are two kinds of yelps: one, the Pleasure Yelp, heard when an animal manages to run down something; two, the Pain Yelp, heard when the animal is kicked. Congressman Tawney's does n't sound much like a Pleasure Yelp.

AFTER THE hanging there was a rush to get pieces of the rope, and it was cut into a thousand pieces and carried away as souvenirs.—*Twentieth Century News Item.*

If the guillotine ever does get busy in this country, there will be plenty of people ready to sit in the front row and knit.

"AS FOR myself, I pay dearly, very dearly, for everything I buy."
—A Certain Persecuted Tenor.
Not everything. The Monkey House fine, if we remember correctly, was only ten dollars.



THE CONSUMERS' FAMOUS VICTORY, A.D. 1909.

"AND EVERYBODY PRAISED THE DUKE
WHO THIS GREAT FIGHT DID WIN."
"BUT WHAT GOOD CAME OF IT AT LAST?"
QUOTH LITTLE PETERKIN.
"WHY THAT I CANNOT TELL," SAID HE,
"BUT 'T WAS A FAMOUS VICTORY."



IN 1997.

"But when Mr. Henrietta Peale asserted that men were as much entitled to votes as women, the rowdyettes showered the automobile with such a rain of dead cats and other missiles that the little band of suffragers gave the word to their chauffeur and drove hastily away."

BY A PESSIMIST.



DECLINED with thanks," and all they add
To make the note perusable
Most often means "Your work is bad;"
Or, "Simply inexcusable!"

And, "Let us hear from you again," —
Encouraging civility —
Denotes, "You've half a chance in ten —
A fighting possibility."

And lastly, be it understood,
"We find your verse available,"
Does not imply "Your rhymes are good,"
It simply means they're salable!

Arthur Guiterman.

A DANCING-MASTER can sometimes boast of rings on his fingers and
belles on his toes.

IT.
WE ALL of us feel, at some time or other in our
lives, that something ought to be done about
It. And yet It continues upon its strange and
irresponsible career and nobody can stop It.

Why, we wonder, should this be so? It
seems to be only a word, and yet without it we are
powerless. Everything would stop short.

It often looks like rain; and we are told also
that It never rains but it pours, yet at any moment
It may be beautiful, it may be "immense," it may
be "fine."

The strange thing about It is that we never
can tell what is going to happen. For example,
we may declare with perfect sincerity that "It is
so," when It isn't so at all. We may be "up
against It," and yet after all we may declare that
"It's nothing." Full of sympathy for some
friend, we may declare that we don't see how he
stands It; he himself may
exclaim in his despair that
he cannot bear It much
longer, when sud-
denly someone else
may come along
and tell him that
It cannot last;
that It will soon
be over, which

will lead him to
exclaim, "It's a
great help to have you
tell me that." And yet
when reproached with
his own lack of courage,
he may immediately ex-
claim, "I cannot help It!"

It's strange isn't It?
And yet we know that It
isn't so bad as It might be.
It's funny, It's sad, It's
curious; yet, in spite of all we
can say, we have a feeling that
there is no way out of It; and
now this seems to imply that we
are not in It, so there you are.

We are often told to "Forget
It;" at the same time we may
also be told that "It's nothing!"
while in reality It may be almost
the death of us. Perhaps the best
way to get even with It is to do
It now.

And yet, even then, you never can be sure whether It is all
over with. Ain't It awful!



BEST OF REASONS.

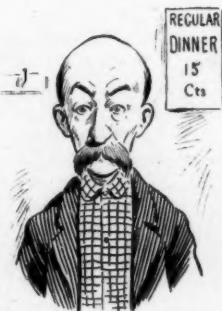
LADY.—What makes these peaches so unusually
high, my man?

ROONEY THE PEDDLER.—Well, 'tis this way,
mem—they come from the top o' the tree.

CAUSE OF DISCORD.

SHE.—So they do not live very happily together, you say?
HE.—No. It's the eternal struggle between Religion and
Society. He is as straight-backed as she is straight-front.

THE TIP: IT VARIES INVERSELY WITH THE SIZE OF THE MOUSTACHE



NOTHING.



FIVE CENTS.



TEN CENTS.



QUARTER.



ALL YOU HAVE LEFT.

A RESOURCEFUL WOMAN.

SIGNBOARD bearing the words "Entertainment for Man and Beast" was welcome to the tired man and the jaded horse on which he sat as they drew near a little log-cabin by the roadside in the wilds of the West. A small, alert woman, with a manner indicating that she was anything but a "clinging vine" to some overburdened man, came to the open door of the cabin and greeted the weary wayfarer with a cheery

"Hello, Mister! Light off?"

"I think I will if you can take me in for the night."

"Of course. That is what me an' the house are here for. Plenty o' room, unless the next stage drops someone here. Here you, Bud! You come a-runnin' an' put up the gent's hoss! I got a cub of a-boy workin' fer me, an' he's like the averidge boy—you can't lay your finger on 'im when you want 'im. Bud! Where in time?—O, there you are! Put up the gent's hoss. I reckon you want some supper right away? Well, it's under way—such as't is. Can't expect no Delmonicky fare twenty-six mile from a railroad. Ever been to Delmonicky's?"

"Yes; I have."

"Well, I never et there, but I been by the place. I told fortunes one summer down on Coney Island. I was 'Madame Delmonte, the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, born with a caul over my face,' an' all that sort of tomfoolery. Curious how folks like to be humbugged now, ain't it?"

"It surely is."

"Why, I've made my ten dollars a day tellin' fortunes at twenty-five cents a head, but my health wa'n't good. Salt air did n't agree with me, so I come off out West. Ever been in Leadville?"

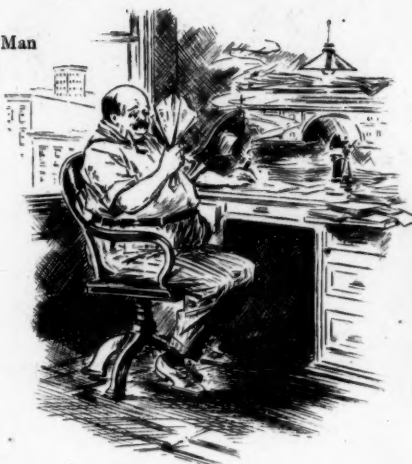
"No; I have not."

"It used to be a good place to hang out in the early days, but it ain't much good now. I was Madame Lola Estelle Vanderweiner, the medium, when I was in Leadville, an' I done right well at it for a long time. Used to git my dollar a setting, or fifty cents apiece when I had a dozen or more in a circle. I'd of made a fortune, but one night a lot o' miner boys half-full o' booze come in an' upset my cabinet just as I was about to come out of it as Running Water, the departed Injun maiden. They turned on the lights an' the game was up after one o' the papers printed a long account of it. That's the way it is in the medium bizness. You never know what minnit your cabinet will git upset an' you in it in your spiritual duds. Ruther risky bizness, but there is good money in it long as it lasts. Ever been in Sacramento, Calaforny?"

"No; never."

"Right nice place."

I was Doctor Eleanor St. Ellerton there. I was a mental healer, an' many's the day I have made my fifteen dollars, but it was a great strain on the nerves, an' I went to Chicago and opened up a midnight mission. My first husband was a preacher, an' I traveled in nineteen States with him as a gospel singer. He started two or three missions, so I know all about how to run a mission. It ain't no trouble to run a mission if you know how. There's just as many gullible Christians as there are unsaved, an' you once git the missionary germ planted in 'em an' they'll do about anything you say. But the Chicago climate was too much for me, as I wa'n't a hoss,



WE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.

"Gee, but it's hot! Oh, for a breeze!"

(Two minutes later).—"Dod-gast that breeze!"

so I went to Detroit an' got a job as matron in an old ladies' home. Excuse me from another sit-of that sort. I would defy the Angel Gabriel to keep sweet with nineteen old women to cater to seven days a week. I had a good deal easier time the summer I traveled as pastry-cook with a circus an' I saw a good deal more. Then I always rode on one o' the floats in the street parade, an' there's so much doin' with a circus that you never get dull. One objection I had to bein' cashier in a rest'rant in Denver was that it was such monotonous work. There you'd set an' do nothin' all day but take in the money an' whack a cash register ev'ry time you got a grub-check across the counter. Ever been in Galveston, Texas?"

"Yes; I have."

"I had a lunch-counter there one winter, but it didn't pay very well, so I went over to Tucson in Arizony an' started in to canvass for a self-fitting dressmaking chart. Say, you ever been in Arizony with the thermometer one hundred an' twenty in the shade?"

"I never was."

"You never want to be. The very thought of self-fitting or any other kind of duds makes you boil. All you want to do is to set on a cake of ice with a fan in one hand an' a pitcher o' lem'nade in the other, an' of

course you can't make a livin' at that. I was glad to get a chance to be Miss Ophelia with a company that was travelin' givin' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in a tent. Once in a while we gave 'East Lynne,' an' then I was Lady Isabel, but the tent blew down in a big storm one night an' a pole nearly made a corp of me while I was doin' the death-bed act in 'East Lynne,' an' the company went on an' left me in a hospital. When I got well I got a place as stewardess on a Mississippi River boat. You see, when a woman has her own livin' to make she has to be sort of resourceful if she ain't got no reg'lar trade. Nothin' like bein' resourceful when you got to hustle for yourself."

C. C. C.



MID-ATLANTIC ITEM.

A sharp chill in the atmosphere, due to the presence of icebergs in the immediate vicinity.

Display certainly helps; the splash system lubricates the way of life for more and more of us.

BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED, MOOLEY'S EXPRESS.



"Phew, but it's a hot walk to the station, and with these heavy suit-cases, too!"



"They make elephants carry wood; why should n't cows carry grips? So, boss!"



"Now all I've got to do is steer her. Mind your helm, old girl!"

BALLADE OF WAGE YEARNERS.



ICK sonnets analyzing love
Were all the rage some years ago;
Then rose the ballade blithe above
All other forms of lyric flow;
The man with the poetic hoe
Brought in a socialistic wave;
New styles in verse arrive and blow;—
Who'll dig the yearning poem's grave?

Each Spring we get a lyric shove
From yearners for a bungalow,
Who'd get the goat of Peace's Dove,
The way they sigh for Kokomo!
Some yearn by name for Mame or
Joe;
Some unspecifically rave
Of "unrequited passion's throe."
Who'll dig the yearning poem's grave?

More delicate than fairy's glove,
More modest than the melting snow,
Are women bards who tell us of
"The little babes we cannot show."
They're publicly "anhungered,
oh!"
For motherhood. Kind Fortune, save
All babes from such pre-natal woe!
Who'll dig the yearning poem's grave?

L'ENVOI.

Pote, prithee no more yearns bestow
On glories past and futures brave;—
Yearn—when the yearning's good—to know
Who'll dig the yearning poem's grave?
Chester Firkins.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"WHY IS IT nobody likes Smith?"
"Oh, he's one of these
'I told you so' fellows."
"How about Jones?"
"He's worse yet. He's
one of the 'I could have
told you if I'd wanted to'
variety."

RUN TO EARTH.

THE PARSON.—The Jones family looks very sheepish this morning. I wonder what the trouble is?

THE ELDER.—I understand that they discovered last night that Jones's medical book, his wife's French novel, and Willie's "Diamond Dick" were occupying the same hiding-place.



"Whoa, you brute! That's my train! It ain't goin' t' hurt yer! Whoa!"

THE REASON.

KICKER.—Why does he keep so many servants, do you know?
BOCKER.—He got one girl because it was so lonely for his wife, and another because it was lonely for the cook, and a third because it was lonely for the cook and waitress.

PAY-AS-YOU-GO POESY.

MUST poets print at their own cost,
Or see their precious labor lost?
What gains it, substituting, thus,
A taxicab for Pegasus?

WHERE INSPIRATION SITS.

MRS. QUILLUSER came tiptoeing softly into her husband's study, rested a hand lightly on his shoulder, and peered over at the sheaf of half-written sheets on his desk.

"What are you working on now, dearest?" she asked gently.

"On Mary's mittens," he answered pleasantly, but without looking up.

Mrs. Quilluser studied a moment, as if planning. "Dearest, Willie needs a pair of shoes more than Mary does the mittens. I have already promised them to the poor boy. Had n't you better work on Willie's shoes first, dear?"

"All right, Nellie, all right," he replied kindly, turning his eyes up into Nellie's great patient ones.

Then he pushed back "An Ode to the Dancing Leaves," and cheerfully began to write a Sunday special on "A New Substitute for Coal."



FLATTERING INVITATION.

"Oh, Mr. Coddle," exclaimed the fair girl, as she made a futile pass round her head, "the mosquitoes are something awful to-night. We've been soaking rags in coal-oil, and burning sulphur and joss-sticks, but they don't seem to do a bit of good. Do come and smoke one of your cigars!"

PUCK

THE GREEDY FARMER.

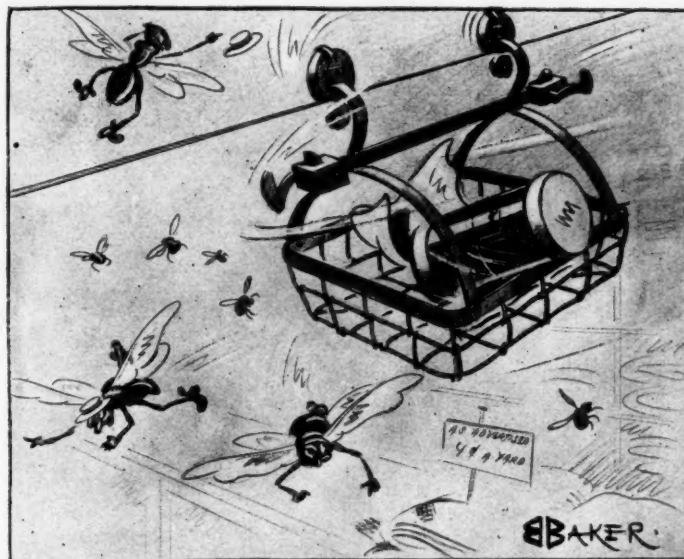
(A Fable.)

HERE was a little Farmer, and he had a little Cart.
He went to market, mornings, with a light and
happy heart.
He'd load his cart with veg'tables, the best there
was in season;

And as he had good sense,
of course, he never over-
taxed his horse, which
used to get the load to
town before the others had
got down. So the Farmer
made a profit fair, and
well within all reason.

And so the Farmer's fortune grew, until one fateful
day
Came Avarice to smite his heart and drive Content
away.
Thought he: "If I took bigger loads my profit I
could double!"

So
he be-
gan to
pile his cart,
believing he was
very smart, with ap-
ples, turnips, and pota-
toes, carrots, pumpkins, and
tomatoes, beans and onions, corn
and squash, until his wagon looked,
begosh! somewhat like this, and his poor
nag the monstrous load could hardly drag!
But drag he did, with heave and hump, and as
the scales began to jump, the Farmer said: "I'm
wise, you bet! I'll make my loads still bigger yet!"
Oh, Farmer, seeking trouble!



CAR COMING!

TRAFFIC PERILS IN A DEPARTMENT STORE.

He never spared his faithful horse: greed was his sole desire,
And so from day to day he piled his cart with produce higher.
His friends said: "Hold on!" Said he: "Not me! I know what I'm
a-doin'!"

But ah, one day there came the

C
A
S
H!
R
and
W
A
G
O
N,
horse,

veg. e. tables—oooo!

FaRM-er!!!! *
E V E R Y T H I N G

Collapsed, and strewed the country road with one
chaotic ruin! Paul West.

LOST.

"DID JONES lose control of his auto?"
"Completely; the cook uses it all the time!"

EASY.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR had just landed.
"I had no trouble!" he cried; "the English
were all looking for Germans."
Herewith he took the throne.

SHORE OR MOUNTAIN.

TED.—I'm going on my vacation to-morrow.
NED.—Sea-level or high-lock?

AND STILL THEY SPAR.

MISS CUTTER.—Her dress fits her like a glove.
MISS SNIPPER.—Yes, like a boxing-glove.

THE CROSS which men make because they can't write their names
is, after all, the cross on which social progress is perhaps most
in danger of being crucified.



MAIDENLY MODESTY.

MISS FORTYODD (in the guest chamber).—I know it's silly
of me, but I feel so embarrassed. They say that big piece of
furniture there is called—tee hee!—a highboy!

Gentlemen are the by-product of any adequate civilization, the studied
manufacture of none.

PUCK



AN IMPROMPTU ATHLETIC MEET.

ESCAPED CONVICT.—Wow, dere's a cop! Into de bushes fer mine till I can make some alterations in me suit.

THE COP.—There goes another o' them Marathon fiends. Hit her up, sport!



WHAT'S THE JOKE?

HAT on earth's so mirth-provoking
That sun, moon, and stars are joking
As they keep their vigil o'er us from the watch-towers in
the blue?
All day long the sun is smiling,
Then the stars, the dark beguiling,
Twinkle gayly to each other at the fun the whole night through;
And the moon, cold, stern at rising,
Either seeing or surmising
What the joke is, soon its face is all suffused with laughter, too!
Do they laugh to see us vying
With each other, each one trying
To appear, not as he is, but as he wants to seem to be?
Smile they at the kind of knowledge
That we strive to gain at college?
Does the New Thought propaganda prompt the orbs' display of glee?
Or is all their mirth excited
By the number of benighted
Dwellers who, on such a merry earth, take life so solemnly?

C. E. F.



WEEK-ENDING WITH DIOGENES.

A GREAT RELIEF.

AND now comes President Nicholas Murray Butler, in an address at Denver, and declares that "the record of progress can be written in a single sentence. It is the development of liberty under law." As this sentence probably contains all the essentials of a liberal education, we may now presumably burn down our libraries, even to abolishing President Eliot's sixty inches.

What a world of meaning is wrapped up in "liberty under law," and how much better off we are than if it had all been caused by law under liberty. Obviously we could have done nothing worth while if law had not been on top, with liberty struggling courageously beneath.

Thank you, Prexy, thank you!

FALLING BEHIND.

HOW SHALL it not touch our national pride to have the British Admiralty complacently, if not, indeed, with a covert sneer, announcing a new gun with a muzzle-energy of 53,000 foot-tons, whereas 47,000 of these are as many as we can muster? Are we then, in spite of our vast resources and unstinted liberality, to be outstripped in that honorable strife among nations which has for its purpose the establishment, on a scientific basis, of universal peace? Shall we endure to play less than the chief part in bringing on the perfect day when lions and tigers shall walk together, and a little child shall lead such of them as our first citizens don't care to shoot up? And all for a matter of 6,000 beggarly foot-tons!

STRAINED SITUATION.

KING GORDIUS regarded the Gordian knot with consternation. "What was it my wife meant that to remind me of?" he muttered, and when he was less and less able to recall he strove frantically to unloose the cords, that their testimony might not convict him. And when Alexander happened along with his opportune sword-play, his majesty's relief may better be imagined than described.



VIEWPOINT.

BOTH BATHERS.—Sight!!

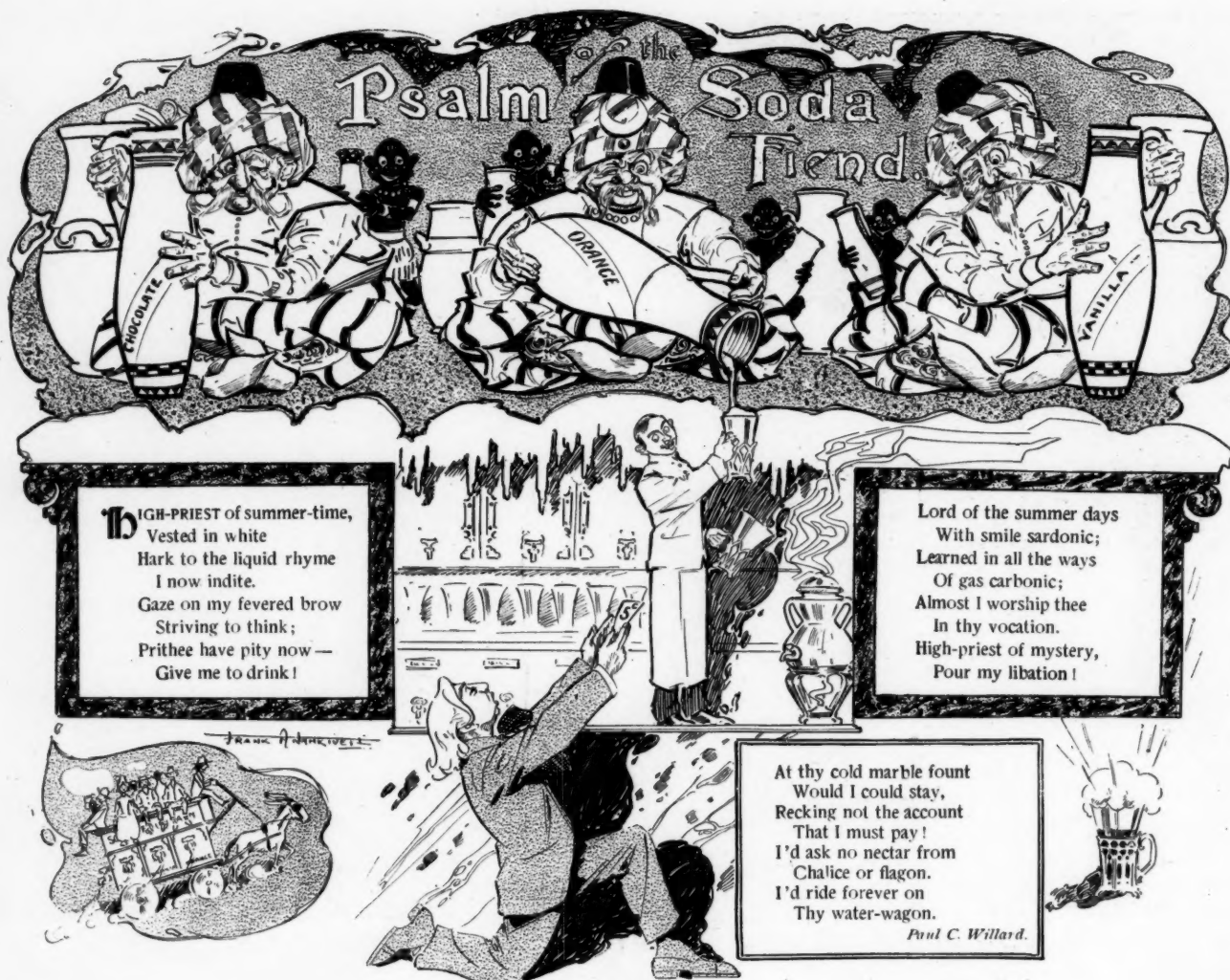


THE PUCK PRESS

IF YOU WANT TO GET RID OF MOSQUITO, DR



QUITO. DRAIN THE SWAMP THAT BREEDS THEM.



HIGH-PRIEST of summer-time,
Vested in white
Hark to the liquid rhyme
I now indite.
Gaze on my fevered brow
Striving to think;
Prithee have pity now —
Give me to drink!

Lord of the summer days
With smile sardonic;
Learned in all the ways
Of gas carbonic;
Almost I worship thee
In thy vocation.
High-priest of mystery,
Pour my libation!

At thy cold marble fount
Would I could stay,
Recking not the account
That I must pay!
I'd ask no nectar from
Chalice or flagon.
I'd ride forever on
Thy water-wagon.

Paul C. Willard.

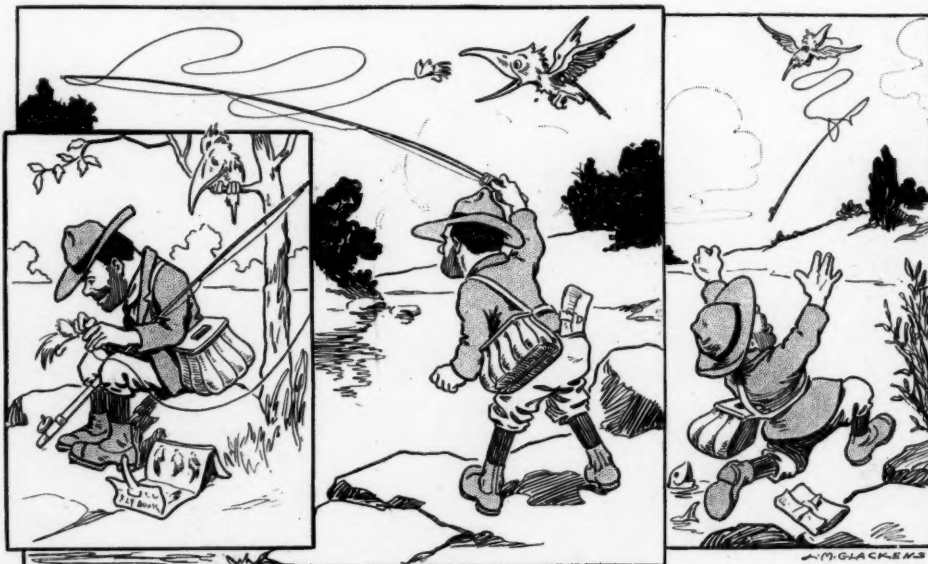
THE MODERN WAY.

THE Whistling Girl and the Crowing Hen looked at each other and burst out laughing.

"We'll show 'em!" they exclaimed as with one voice, and then, with their heads in the air, they marched in, past any number of girls who couldn't whistle and hens which could n't crow, and signed for the vaudeville circuit at \$1,000 a week.

Times change, and what was a very sound proverb yesterday may have become, by the progress of events, quite punk to-day.

THE FACT that money talks makes the art of listening doubly to be reckoned among the best social virtues.



ON THE FLY!

AND IT WAS A BRAND-NEW ROD, TOO.

WHEN WOMEN WAR.

OF THE great army of brave women that had gone out to battle in the early morning, there survived at evening only the merest remnant. The struggle had been fierce all along the line.

"We shall sell our lives dearly, however!" they exclaimed, and resolutely took their final stand.

And when the opposing hosts, women likewise, heard that cry of despair, their onset in something lost its fervor.

"Whoever heard of a remnant not being closed out cheap?" they protested discontentedly, and at length drew off.

THE KITTEN has its eyes opened in nine days, and the married man in one.

Saying disagreeable things to our friends is n't the only proof of sincerity.



SYMPATHY.

THE LADY with the mourning veil reaching to the hem of her gown entered the car at Kalamazoo and sat down directly in front of a sallow, hatchet-faced woman with a palpably false front which had slipped awry so that the parting was in the neighborhood of her left ear. Her hat of many and gorgeous colors had slid down to her right ear, and she bore evidences of having traveled far. She had the eager look of a woman who wants to know things and who seeks information by questions as probing as an X-ray machine. No sooner had the lady with the outward and apparent signs of recent bereavement seated herself comfortably than she of the "want to know" type leaned forward, laid an ungloved and unclean hand on the shoulder of the lady in black, and said:

"Was it recent?"

"I—I—beg pardon; did you speak to me?"

"Yes, I did. I asked was it recent? A widder, I take it, from the veil?"

"Yes, I am a widow."

"Well, I'm one that kin feel for you. Been a widder myself 'many a time an' oft,' as the sayin' is. Was he sick long?"

"No; only a week or two."

"Well, I had one that went that way. Then I had one that lingered. Dunno which is wuss. Somehow you kin never say that you are really prepared for it, no matter whether they linger or go sudden. What ailed him?"

"Fever."

"I want to know! Well, I reckon you done all you could for him. There's allus a satisfaction in feelin' that. I had five different doctors for one o' mine, so I had n't nothin' to regret. Your man leave a will?"

"Excuse me, but —"

"Saves a lot of bother sometimes when there's a will. My first never left no will, an' there had to be an exe-cu-tor app'inted, and bonds to be give, an' all that, when all he had was fifty-six dollars in the savin's-bank an' a hoss above twenty years old. The fun'ral expenses was 'most forty, for I didn't stint none. You got children?"

"Three."

"I want to know! Well, I hope they'll be a comfort to you, but you can't tell. I got nine, an' I can't say that they've been no gret of comfort so fur. My oldest girl was just beginnin' to airn her three-an'-a-half a week when she up and run away with a grocer's delivery-man an' married him, so I couldn't expect nothin' from her. My oldest boy was only twenty-one when he up an' married an old-maid school-teacher in the thirties. I reckon she thought it was a case o' the last car. Yes, an' I reckon further that she wishes she'd let that car go by, fer they been as pore as

Job's turkey for a long time, his health givin' out an' her savin's givin' out, too. I reckon you got your thirds of your husband's prop'ty?"

No reply.

"I think a widder ort to have half, an' they say they do in some States, but I did n't happen to be livin' in any of them States when any o' mine went. Did n't make mach difference, fer none o' them had much more than enough to bury 'em, an' one of 'em did n't have that. I reckon you'll put up a tombstun?"

"Excuse me, madam, but —"

"I got tombstuns up to two o' mine, but I ain't seen the time when I could put up one to my third. I give a strawberry festival an' raised money enough that way to 'most pay fer the stun I set up for my second. We had slathers an' scads o' strawberries on our place, an' no one else seemed to have any that year, so I give a strawberry supper an' charged a quarter a head an' got my second's tombstun money that way. Some folks thought it ruther a queer way to git tombstun money, but I did n't see that it was no wuss than the Cem'tery Association in our town havin' a ball an' oyster supper to raise money for a new hearse. But some folks would of talked if I'd raised my money sellin' Bibles. I bet that veil o' yours cost a purty sum. It's real crape, ain't it?"

Silence.

"I could n't afford only a kind of a cotton crape for any of mine, an' you know it turns kind of yallow. They say that wearin' mournin' is goin' out, anyhow. The way I look at it, a widder ought n't to put on black onless her grief is reely felt. Now, there was a woman in our place who was fighting a divorce case her husband had brought ag'in her, an' the things they was provin' ag'in each other in the courts was awful, when all of a sudden he up an' died, an' if she did n't come out in crape to her heels! Now I call that hypercritical. If there's heart in it, I reckon it's all right to mourn, but — was he conscious at the last?"

"Madam, you really —"

"My first was, but my second was kind o' dopy, an' my third did n't have no time to be either, fer he fell head first down a ninety-foot well, an' I reckon he never knowed what hurt him — pore critter. Sometimes I feel that it's just as well to have 'em go that way. It saves them, an' it saves you a good deal. Of course it ain't pleasant to have 'em go at all, but we have to all come to it some day. Still, I feel to sympathize with them what's bereaved, an' the minnit you come into the car I made up my mind I'd give you my sympathy. Of course, sympathy can't bring 'em back, but it — You plan to go on keepin' house, I reckon?"

No reply.

"I think it's best—speshly when there's children. You think at first that home never kin be home no more, but you git over that, speshly if you marry ag'in, an' you — Well, now, I would n't guess you to be over thirty-eight or forty at

most, an' a woman o' that age with a little prop'ty kin easily marry —"

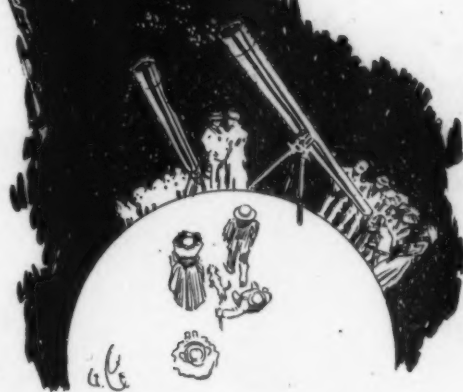
But the other widow had gone into the next car.

Max Merryman.

EXTENUATING.

JUDGE. — This lady declares that you hugged her at the baseball game.

THE ACCUSED. — Could n't help it, Judge. She was sitting next me when one of our boys swatted a homer over left-field fence!



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AT NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

It was in Paris. The loquacious guide was exhibiting to the interested Yankee tourist the tomb of Napoleon with all the customary flourishes of both language and hands.

"This immense sarcophagus," exclaimed the guide, "weighs forty tons! Inside of that, sir, is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and inside of that is a leaden casket, hermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Inside of that rests a mahogany coffin containing the remains of a great man."

For a moment the Yankee was silent as if in deep meditation. Then he said: "It seems to me that you've got him all right. If he ever gets out, cable me at my expense!"—*Pittsburg Press*.

LIVING AND SHOW.

FOREIGN VISITOR.—Does it cost much to live in New York?

HOST.—No, sir; it don't cost much to live in this city; but it costs like Sam Hill to keep up appearances.—*New York Weekly*.

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They
fit so well
you
forget
they're
there



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Knee-Drawers

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A HELPING HAND.

RUSTY STRANGER.—Do you need any assistance, friend?

MEYER.—Do I *loog* as if I needed any assistance, feller?

RUSTY STRANGER.—No offense. Merely wished to state that I could drink up one of 'em just as well as not.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
getting the very best.

THE HIGHEST FOLLY.

A.—The height of folly is not to listen when someone says something nice about you.

B.—Nonsense, the height of folly is not to listen when someone says something scandalous about someone else.—*Gaulois*.

A STRENUOUS HINT.

He had been a regular Sunday caller for six months, when one evening he dropped in arrayed in a new suit.

"That's a lovely wedding-suit you have on!" remarked the dear girl.

"Why," gasped the astonished young man, "t-this is a b-business suit!"

"Well," rejoined the d. g. calmly, "I meant business."

And the very next day he put up \$19.98 of his hard-earned wealth for a solitaire.—*Chicago Daily News*.

STRATEGY.

STELLA.—Mabel showed great presence of mind when the bull chased her.

BELLA.—Yes; she threw her hat over it and completely extinguished it.—*The Sun*.

"SAY," a boy yelled in to the proprietor of a store in a prohibition town, "the express agent says for you to send down for that package of *Daily Tribunes* right away, 'cause they're leakin'!"—*Everybody's*.

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Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

UNHEARD-OF LAZINESS.

"Gosh, I guess those city folks meant what they said when they told us that they came up here to get a good rest."

"They're taking it easy, eh?"

"Taking it easy! I should say they are. Would you believe it? Not one of 'em has got out of bed before 6 o'clock any morning since they've been here."—*Exchange*.

CHOOSING A TRADE.

MODERN GIRL.—Father, I long to be independent—to rely upon my own exertions for support. What trade or profession would you recommend?

WISE FATHER.—First-class cooks make five thousand dollars a year.

MODERN GIRL.—I don't like cooking. It's too feminine!—*N. Y. Weekly*.

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invalid.

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"I want to get a collar suitable for
a dinner-party."

"This one is the correct thing, sir."

"It's too tight. I'd never be able
to tuck a napkin in that!"—*Yonkers
Statesman.*

MAGISTRATE.—Was his motor go-
ing so very fast?

COP.—Your honor, it was going so
fast that the bulldog on the seat be-
side him looked like a dachshund.—
Kansas City Journal.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE,

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the
shoes. If you have tired, aching feet, try Allen's
Foot-Ease. It rests the feet and makes new or
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For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olm-
sted, 1,6 Roy, N. Y.

CHARGE OF THE FRIGHT BRIGADE.

It required three thousand police-
men to check the latest attempt of the
suffragettes to enter the House of
Commons.—*News Item.*

Arf a square,
Arf a square,
Arf a square onward,
Inter th' jaws of jail
Strode th' two 'undered!
Bobbies to right of 'em,
Bobbies to left of 'em,
Bobbies in front of 'em,
Bustled an' blundered,
Inter th' jaws o' jail,
Inter ol' Hollowell,
Strode th' two 'undered!

Stormed at with 'oot an' yell,
Bravely they fit and fell;
Inter ol' Hollowell,
Strode th' two 'undered!
They did n't reason why,
But let their flippers fly
Closin' a Bobbie's eye—
While th' world wondered.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

LITERALLY SPEAKING.

"A number of Senators came to the
Capitol yesterday without their col-
lars," says the New York *Evening Post*,
speaking literally and not figuratively,
of course.—*Washington Herald.*

ATHLETIC EDUCATION.

YALEVARD, JR.—Rah, rah, rah, pa.
Rah, rah, rah, ma. I'm half-back on
the 'Varsity team!

YALEVARD, SR.—Yes, so I heard,
and all the way back with your studies.
—*Life.*

A TASTE OF IT.

NOTED ANARCHIST (explaining his
belief to fellow-passengers on Western
railway train).—Ve vant all laws ban-
ished from the statute pooks. Ve vant
effry citizen to do as he please—

LEADER OF WESTERN OUTLAWS
(suddenly boarding the train).—Hold
up your hands!—*New York Weekly.*

A SCHOOLGIRL with large feet was
sitting with them stretched far out into
the aisle, and was busy chewing gum
when the teacher espied her.

"Mary!" called the teacher,
sharply.

"Yes, ma'am!" questioned the
pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth
and put your feet in!"—*New York
Observer.*

"It's no disgrace to fail if you
have done your best," said the philoso-
pher.

"That may be so," replied the man
who had failed. "But it's pretty
tough to have to admit that the best
you could do was fail."—*Detroit Free
Press.*

THE visiting minister was walking
along the shady country road to a
church where he was to preach that
day, when he saw a little boy digging
vigorously into the bank by the road-
side.

He stopped and asked the boy why
he worked so hard on Sunday.

"I'm digging for a woodchuck,
sir," replied the boy.

"Well, my son, don't you know it is
wrong to do that on Sunday, and you
won't get him?"

"Not get him!" exclaimed the boy.

"Why, I've got to get him! The
minister's coming to our house to
dinner to-day."—*Washington Herald.*



"That's the Reason They Feel So Fine"

Look at them! Those young men of America! Every limb and
muscle pulsing with strength and vigor—the red sap of life bounding
through their veins in a flood of surging health and power. Are not
these the type of the coming time—the men who shall rule the future
—are not these also the type who know the charm and cheer and
social and dietetic value of

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The King of All Bottled Beers

Every glass of it is a source of health and power. It satisfies the
thirst, it brightens the mind, it develops energy and gives vigor to
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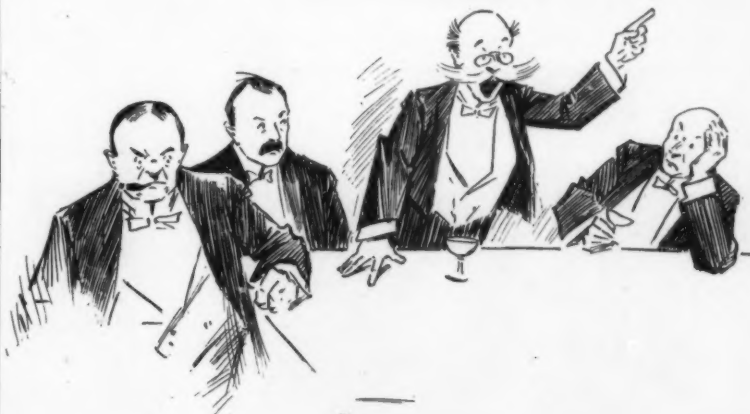
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clubs, cafes and bars.

LADY (to applicant for post of caretaker).—And your name?
APPLICANT.—Mrs. 'Edge, please, ma'am. Spelt with a haitch, same as
the 'edges outside!—*Punch.*



LOOSE TALK.

BORED AUDITOR.—Great Scott! Campaign oratory is bad enough,
but champagne oratory is worse!

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Allen's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your
getting the very best.

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"Drink it for
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Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet
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Correspondence invited direct.

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MISTRESS.—What did you tell those ladies who just called?

SERVANT.—Oi told 'em you was out, mum.

MISTRESS.—And what did they say?

SERVANT.—"How fortunite!" mum.—*Pick-Me-Up.*

SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.—Ah, Professor! what would this old oak say if it could talk?

PROFESSOR.—It would say, "I am an elm!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

TOO HASTY.

COAL DEALER (*anxiously*).—Hold on! That load has n't been weighed. It looks to me rather large for a ton.

DRIVER.—'T ain't intended for a ton. It's two tons!

DEALER.—Go ahead.—*New York Weekly.*

A STOP-OVER PRIVILEGE.

PASSENGER.—Is this ticket good to stop off?

CONDUCTOR.—Yes 'm. But it won't be good to git on again.—*New York Weekly.*

"HEAR that hen of mine cackling? She just laid an egg," said the first woman.

"Hear that husband of mine cackling? He's just laid a carpet!" said the other.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

OFFICER (*to recruit who has missed every shot*).—Good heavens, man! where are your shots going?

RECRUIT (*nervously*).—I don't know, sir; they left here all right!—*Punch.*

THE HUSBAND.—Well, say what you will, my dear, you'll find worse men than me in the world.

THE WIFE.—Oh, Tom, how can you be so bitter!—*The Sketch.*

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is not a revolver for you to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that we have made permanently and automatically safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.

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OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

SCHOOL-TEACHER.—Who can make a sentence using the word "indisposition"?

TOUGH PUPIL (*assuming a pugilistic pose*).—When youse wants to fight youse stand in dis position!—*Town Topics.*

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EFFECTS OF ARTISTIC ATMOSPHERE.

The girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family, but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.

"Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "will yez have 'em in their jackets, or in the nood?"—*Exchange.*

SO SAY WE ALL.

SOCIOLOGIST.—Do you have much trouble keeping down expenses?

THE TOILER.—Not so much as keeping up the revenue!—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Milo

Egyptian Cigarettes.

Do you know what Quality means in a Turkish Cigarette? If not, get a box of "MILOS." Then, any other cigarette, and try same, side by side. You'll note the delicate, aromatic mildness of the "MILO." Mildness (yet with this richness in flavor) is what costs in Turkish Tobacco, and it's just this that makes the Perfect cigarette. You'll find it in *No Other*.

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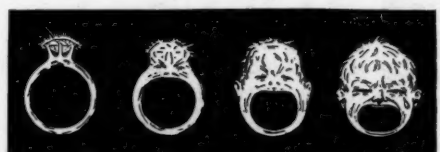
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"If this isn't the hottest day we've had, I'll eat my hat."

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A LONG-PANTER.

Mary, aged fourteen, was found one day by an older sister sobbing and crying.

"What is the matter?" she asked, with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance to-night," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes; but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was a long-panter!"—*Harper's*.



IN WINTER

IT'S A COLD,

IN SUMMER

IT'S BOWEL COMPLAINT

Be good to your poor old stomach these hot days and restless nights. Don't ask it to assimilate raw, rank, nondescript whiskies. Give it good, pure, gentle old

I. W. HARPER
FIRST AID TO DIGESTION



AVIATION.

- Aug. 1.—Machine in splendid shape. Will fly to-morrow.
 " 2.—Did n't fly to-day. Heat of the sun expanded a crank journal. Had to pack it on ice.
 " 3.—Devoted to repairs, putting in new motor, etc.
 " 4.—Celebration to-day. Afraid to fly, anyhow. Stray Roman candle might have exploded gasoline tank.
 " 5.—Hard luck. Just ready to start when a rabbit chased by a dog ran against the port skid, bending it. Have sent for duplicate.
 " 6.—Would have started, but wind blew too fiercely, reaching eight miles an hour.
 " 7.—Could n't start, owing to dead calm. Needed a little breeze for initial uplift.
 " 9.—No trip yet. Fog too dense. Can't run risk of collision with anybody's fence.
 " 10.—Made fine flight, almost leaving the ground. Was pulled down by clover tops getting tangled in steering-gear.
 " 11.—Started again, but machine would n't keep balance. Discovered that I had neglected to part my hair in the middle. Machine fell nine inches and crumpled up.
 " 15.—Been repairing. Machine in splendid shape. Will fly to-morrow.—*Exchange*.

UP-TO-DATE.

LADY.—But poverty is no excuse for being dirty. Do you *never* wash your face?

TRAMP (*with an injured air*).—Pardon me, lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy an' 'i-geenic.—*Punch*.

THE GIRL.—I want you to help me make him jealous—awfully, wildly jealous.

THE MAN.—Er—let's get married.—*Truth*.



STRANDED.

FERDIE.—Really, old chap, I can't go out this way, don't you know. It's awfter six, and that stupid man of mine has mislaid my dwees clothes!

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
 "Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

NEGRO LINGO.

Senator Taylor of Tennessee tells of an old Negro whose worthless son was married secretly. The old man heard of it and asked the boy if he was married.

"I ain't sayin' I ain't," the boy replied.

"Now, you Rastus," stormed the old man, "I ain't askin' you is you ain't; I's askin' you ain't you is?"—*Troy Times*.

HIS MOTHER'S PRIDE.

MR. RYLEY.—Why are yez decoratin', Mrs. Murphy?

MRS. MURPHY.—Me b'y Dinny is comin' home the day.

MR. RYLEY.—I t'ought he wuz sint up for foive years?

MRS. MURPHY.—He wuz; but he got a year off for good behavvure.

MR. RYLEY.—An'sure, it must be a great comfort for ye to have a good b'y loike that.—*Tit-Bits*.

IDENTIFIED.

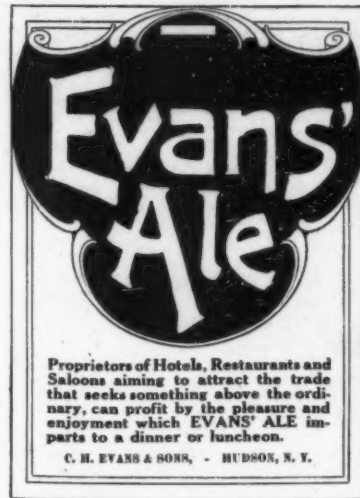
SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.—Elsie, can you tell me anything about the Epistles?

LITTLE ELSIE.—I guess they were the wives of the apostles!—*Chicago News*.

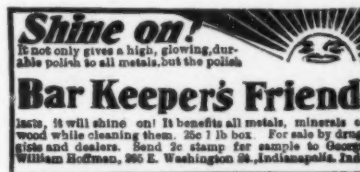
NO DISPUTE.

"John D. Rockefeller says the best thing he ever did was to join a Sunday-school."

"Well, so far as I have learned, it was."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



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